

WHAT AILS THE WORLD?

"What ails the world?" the poet cried—
"And why does death walk every where?
And why do tears fall everywhere?
And why do hearts break everywhere?"
And thus the poet sang, and sighed.

For he would fain have all things glad,
All lives happy, all hearts bright—
Not a day would end in night,
Not a wrong would vex a right—
And so he sang—and he was sad.

Then his very grandest rhymes
Moved a mournful monotone—
Like a shadowy eastward throne
From a sunset—like a moon
Tangled in a yew-bell's climes.

"What ails the world?" he sang, and asked—
And asked and sang—but all in vain—
No answer came to any strain,
And no reply to his refrain—
The mystery moved round him, masked.

"What ails the world?" he sang, and asked—
"Ails the world?" the minstrel lands,
"Ails the world?" the minstrel lands,
"Ails the world?" the minstrel lands,
"Ails the world?" the minstrel lands.

From a sunset—like a moon
Tangled in a yew-bell's climes,
From a sunset—like a moon
Tangled in a yew-bell's climes,
From a sunset—like a moon
Tangled in a yew-bell's climes.

Then the world would sing the world to rest—
And so they sang in countless keys,
As many as the waves of seas,
And as the lullabies of the breeze,
Yet even when they sang their best—

When o'er the listless world there floats
Such music as "lullabies" meet—
When all look up entranced—and when
The song of lullabies floats—then
A discord creeps through the notes.

Their sweetest harp have broken strings
Their grandest accents have their jars—
Like shadows on the light of stars—
And somehow, something ever mars
The song the greatest minstrel sings.

And so each song is incomplete,
And not a rhyme can ever round
Into the chords of perfect sound,
The tones of thought that e'er surround
The ways walked by the poet's foot.

"What ails the world?" he sings and sighs—
No answer cometh to his cry—
He asks the earth and asks the sky—
The echoes of his song pass by—
Unanswered—and the poet dies.

ANITA, THE DANSEUSE.

The prompter's bell rings, the full notes of the orchestra crash out on the perfumed air, the suppressed hum of voices and the soft frou-frou of fans cease, the great green curtain rises swiftly, there is a sound of castanets in the air, and Anita bounds on the stage with the grace and beauty of—Anita alone. For there is nothing to which I can compare her, save her glorious self. Rather above the medium height, slender, but not thin. A face that attracts and repels.

An olive skin, clear and colorless, long, black, almond-shaped eyes, a delicate, patrician nose, with finely-curved, sensitive nostrils, lips always a bright crimson, the upper short and curved like the old Greek goddesses, hair black as night, with a purple bloom in its meshes.

You could believe her capable of ascending the scaffold to the headman's block, with a firm, unflinching step, and a smile on her mouth, to save one she loved, and you could fancy her driving the steel of her poniard home to the heart of that same loved one should he prove faithless.

As yet Anita had no lovers. Admirers by the score. But when they began to speak of love she curled her lips scornfully, and answered them in words to match her scornful smile. If that did not repel them she opened her almond eyes full upon them, and in few words gave them to understand beyond all doubt that there was no hope, that she did not wish to marry. And they slunk away, wondering how it was that Anita, who was so bright and quick in all else, could be so dull in affairs of the heart. Marriage indeed! But none had the temerity to undecieve her.

Her mother had been dead a year, and a little over, when our story opens. Bright, beautiful Rosa Camacho. She had not the high-bred, patrician air of Anita, but she was a thousand times more beautiful. A fairer skin, a rounded dimpled form, and a head of dusky gold, over which all Spain went mad.

She was a danseuse, like Anita, and it was whispered—there was a rumor—Bah! who that has beauty escapes slander? And Rosa was very beautiful, and a danseuse.

Anita's father died when she was an infant, so she was told, and the death of her mother left her quite alone. To her, her mother was an angel, and her death left Anita desolate.

Anita comes before them to-night, her beautiful limbs bared to the knees, a short silken skirt of red, a black velvet bodice, narrow comb at the back of her dusky head, a face half thrown in true Spanish fashion over it, one red rose at her breast. She bends low, and smiles brightly to their applause, and then her little form sways gently, gracefully, to the rhythm of the orchestra.

When the dance is finished, she is decorated with applause, she is showered with bouquets of beautiful flowers. She stoops to gather them, when from a private box on her right, a bouquet all of roses, red roses, her favorites, is tossed to her, striking her lightly on her breast as it falls.

She raises her eyes and meets the earnest gaze of the donor, a fair-haired, blue-eyed Englishman.

Anita gathers them all hastily, and retires, trembling in every limb.

The curtain falls, the orchestra plays, the people talk of her, for a moment. What grace! What beauty! They never observed until to-night just how beautiful Anita is; she is always so colorless. But to-night, when she gathered her flowers, she was almost as lovely as poor Rosa, her mother. And it was all owing to the bright dash of crimson that came to her cheeks. Why does she not rouge? Being a danseuse, she could do that sort of thing and be none the worse. What does it matter what a danseuse does? And then the conversation drifts to the play, or a little bit of scandal.

And Anita! She is pale enough now, trembling still, and with an angry gleam in her black eyes.

"Is she in her dotage, that a pair of blue eyes should call the blood to her cheeks like that?"

She rises hastily, strips off the gaudy skirt and its belongings, and presently emerges from her dressing-room, a tall, slender figure, all in somber black.

As she crosses the stage at the back, her manager speaks to her.

"One moment, please, allow me: Lord Erskine, let me present you to Anita Camacho."

And the donor of the roses bows low before her:

Three months later. The voice of Mrs. Grundy, or rather Mr. Grundy—and, by the way, why Mrs. Grundy should always gain credit for all the smart, bitter things that are said, I cannot imagine. I can assure you I go through life with my ears wide open, and Mr. Grundy tells me more ill-natured gossip of my neighbors in a month than does madam, his spouse, in a year.

First Speaker.—"There goes Lord Erskine's turnout. Bang up, isn't it? And Anita with him as usual. By Jove! that girl played her cards well. She knew her value, and still held aloof. The result?"

Second Speaker.—"Aw, there can be but one, you know. Erskine would never think of marrying the girl, and the Camacho is too sensible to expect it, I should say."

First Speaker.—"I think you make a slight mistake there, old fellow. And if Erskine makes the same—well, heaven help him. For Anita has a sleeping devil in her that I should not care to arouse."

Second Speaker.—"Aw, that's just it. As you say, old boy, she has a sleeping devil in her eye; and on one occasion when I attempted to pass my arm playfully around her waist, I, aw, thought him remarkably wide-awake. Docid absurd for a danseuse, you know. What do you say to a game of billiards?" And they pass on.

A faint echo from Mrs. Grundy. "Why I had no idea Anita danced to-night, or I assure you, my dear Mrs. Shallow, I should not have come. Of course when they all praised her prudence and all that sort of thing, I never believed a word of it. But one must be amused. However, the creature has flouted this affair so shamelessly in our faces, driving and dining in public, and all that you know, that really—Bah! let us go elsewhere."

Behind the scenes.—"Isay, Mordaunt, whose coupe is that at the door, and for whom is it waiting?"

"Don't you know? Why, where have you kept yourself this month of Sundays? It is Lord Erskine's carriage, and it waits—for Rosa's own daughter."

Of such men assassins are made. The stone flung at Anita would not suffice. The poor dead mother must come in for a fling. It was "pure womanly" according to the world's judgment.

Do not turn away. I do not wonder you are tired of listening to those mouth-pieces of the world. I will only ask you to pay one more visit to-night. To Anita herself. Here we are. Ah! step back and close the door softly.

In her snowy robe de nuit, this danseuse, "Rosa's own mother," kneels and prays. Monsieur and Madame Grundy.—Go ye and do likewise.

Pray the good Lord in His mercy to forgive your evil hearts and slanderous tongues.

"Anita, most fascinating of women, I have something I wish to say to you. I never thought a woman could affect me as you have done. Day and night you are in my thoughts. I do not seem to live save when I am with you. You haunt me in my dreams. I am unhappy when I am not with you. Is not this love, my Anita? And will you not love me in return?"

"Ah, Ernest, my loved one, have you not known long ere this, that this heart of mine was all thine own? I could not drive the glad blood from my cheek as it leaped there at the sound of your voice, your footfall, nor the gladness and joy from my eyes. And I would not, if I could. Every word, thought, breath is thine. But, oh, my beloved one, I need to be an angel to be worthy your love and your name—and I am, alas! but a poor little danseuse! What a necromancer is love. I used to think that to be premier danseuse at the Grand Theater, one had a right to be proud, that it was a position to work for, and to glory in. Now I am ashamed of it."

He does not hear her, has heard nothing since those words, "I need to be an angel to be worthy your love and your name," fell on his ear. Can she be so blind?

Heglanes at her face. Oh, the bright halo that love had flung round it! Yes, it is clear she thinks so, that he has laid at her feet the proud old name he bears, and with that smile on her lips and in her eyes, he cannot undecieve her.

That night, as Anita steps out on her balcony, at the Palace Hotel, her own name, in the voice so dear to her, falls on the listening ear.

"Anita you refer to, no doubt. Now, see here, old fellow, don't make any mistake. There is no better, purer girl in the world than Anita—not among your people or my own. I was first attracted by her beauty, which is incomparable. Then, when I knew her better, by her own intrinsic merit—and, I confess, were it not for my father, who would cut me off with a shilling were I to make such a mistake, I would marry her to-morrow. As it is, it is out of the question to marry her; quite impossible—equally impossible to give her up. The crisis!"

Anita gropes her way blindly through the open window into her apartment, whispering, softly:

"Impossible to marry her. He said that—'impossible to marry her!' Then it is time for thee to die, Anita."

And they find her there the following day, a poniard up to its hilt in her young heart, her eyes wide open, and wearing a look of horror, an awful smile on the sweet dead mouth.

Thus died Anita, "Rosa's own daughter."

LIZZIE W. FLETCHER asks in a poem: "If I should die to-night what would you do?" Liz, that's a very refreshing conundrum for this season. If you should die to-night it would of course necessitate a visit of the coroner in the morning, and then, you know, Liz, we'd have to buy you new clothes to wear in the other place, and a minister with great lantern jaws would stand over you and say good things. Then we'd have to hire carriages, you know, and times are very hard, and money isn't very plentiful. A first-class funeral costs about \$150, Liz; so don't for the world think of going off suddenly. Wait until things look a little better for speculation.

A BOLD, BAD MAN.

How, in Female Attire, He Becomes the Dress Fitter in Boston Aristocratic Circles.

The New York Times gives the particulars of a sensation that has recently transpired in Boston by which nearly a hundred of the most fashionable ladies became the victims of a blackmailing operation. A year ago a fashionable dressmaker of the Hub employed an attractive young woman whose specialty it was to call at the residences of her customers and cut and fit their dresses. Miss Annie, as she was called, was a great favorite, and no dress was considered complete unless it had the touch of her artistic fingers in "taking in" here and "letting out" there. It was noted that she had a note-book which she handled as deftly as Julian Hardy, the reporter in "Fatinitza," and was constantly making memorandums of batting and whalebone required to fill out the ideal curves and irregularities of surface constituting the highest type of a full-dressed beauty. These memorandums, she explained, were necessary to prevent her losing the recollection of any sudden inspirations as to the delicate insertion of a gusset, or the bold cutting of a shoulder piece on the bias. The business of the employing dressmaker who had the good fortune of employing Miss Annie increased rapidly. It became a test of true culture among Boston ladies to have their dresses made exclusively at her establishment, and the result was an apparent increase of Bostonian beauty, both in breadth and thickness, without much increase in weight. One dark and dreadful day that will long be remembered by the patronesses of Miss Annie, each of the ladies received at home one of her cards, and was told that a young gentleman wished to see them in the parlor. Each lady had an interview with a young man who was instantly recognized as the hitherto Miss Annie, and was, of course, terribly surprised. The wicked young man who had so successfully masqueraded as a dressmaker's assistant, explained with much apparent penitence that he had been detected and discharged, and that his sole desire was to hide himself in California. To do this money was required, and he presented a small bill for materials which he had furnished at his own expense. Cotton was charged for at the rate of \$3 a pound, and whalebone at \$5. On payment of the bill he would instantly send from his note-book the memorandums relating to her dresses and depart on the first train for the Pacific Slope. The story goes that he made a complete round of his former customers, and that his collections exceeded \$1,000 from the terrified fair ones.

SHE DIDN'T MEAN TO TELL.

Yes, my lips to-night have spoken
Words I said they should not speak;
And I would I could recall them—
Would I had not been so weak.
Oh, that one unguarded moment!
Were it mine to live again,
All the strength of its temptation
Would appear to me in vain.

True my lips have only uttered
What is ever in my heart;
I am happy when beside him,
Worshiped when we are apart;
Though I listen to his praises
Always longer than I should,
Yet my heart can never hear them
Half so often as it would.

And I would not, could not, pain him,
Would not for the world offend him,
I would have him know I loved him
As a brother, as a friend;
But I meant to keep one secret
For my loved one's eyes only,
For I never meant to tell him
That I love him—just I did.

Some Natural History—The Editor.

"What ferocious-looking animal is this?"

"That is the editor."

"Indeed! Are they very dangerous?"

"Sometimes. When cornered up they have been known to be quite combative, and again they have been known to go through a convenient back window. Generally they are mild and passive."

"When are they the most dangerous?"

"When intruded upon by a bookagent who wants a forty-five line local for a seventy-five cent book, or by a poet with verses about the gentle spring."

"Are editors cross to each other?"

"Only when separated by several blocks of buildings."

"Do they often have fearful combats with each other?"

"Occasionally when they go out in opposite directions, and come upon each other by accident."

"Are editors ever cowed?"

"Sometimes the small ones are, but the big ones are very rarely molested."

"Do editors eat?"

"They do. It was formerly supposed that they ate at long intervals and upon rare occasions but it is now a well authenticated fact that they can eat a great deal when they get it."

"What kind of food do they like the most?"

"They are not very particular. While they won't refuse quail on toast, fried crab or roast turkey about Christmas time, they have been known to make a hearty repast off a dish of cold turnips and a consumptive herring."

"Can they eat concert tickets?"

"We believe not. Some people have gained this curious impression from false teachings in early life, but no authenticated instance is on record."

"Do editors go free into shows?"

"They do when they give dollar and a half locals for a twenty-five cent ticket."

"Are all editors bald, like this one?"

"No; only the married are bald. But let us pass on; the editor does not like to be stared at."

A Female Blacksmith.

A woman died in Richmond, Va., a few days ago, who had chosen the blacksmith's forge as a means of earning a living. Her name was Rachel Yent. Her father came to this country from Germany and opened a blacksmith shop in Richmond. She learned the trade in her girlhood, and became as good a worker as any man. As her father grew old she took charge of the shop and supported the family by her own labor. She wore a tight-fitting woolen dress and a blacksmith's leather apron, and frequently smoked a short clay pipe as she toiled. When the old man died she still stuck to the trade, but a few months ago she grew enfeebled and rapidly sunk. Her work had given her in her best days the muscular strength of a man. She had eligible offers for marriage when young, but preferred to remain single and provide for the family.

The Common School the Farmers' Hope.

Prof. Elbridge Gale, of Kansas, upon the subject of common schools for the rural class, writes as follows in the *Rural New Yorker*: Much has been said and written in regard to an improved culture of the rural classes. They are demanding something more than hitherto, and asserting for themselves a higher position in the social scale. While there are steps backward as well as forward in all movements towards a higher civilization, we may be sure that the end here sought will be reached. Agriculture in all its departments must, in years to come, command a higher class of talent and a broader culture than in the past. While we are inclined to give high honors to the rural press, to the associations and societies formed to promote rural interests, and to agricultural colleges, where they all recognize the object of their creation, the more intelligent among the masses are feeling that they can justly demand something more for the children in the common schools than has hitherto been offered them. We ask that the culture of the common school shall be turned in some slight degree towards rural and industrial interests. A more general diffusion of knowledge relating to agricultural and industrial pursuits is demanded. Our children need culture that shall impel towards farm life. This cannot be attained by the instrumentalities now employed.

Hence we propose that the common school shall be made more tributary to our rural interests. We want an elementary course of instruction in matters, both practical and scientific, that relate directly to rural life. This should be so elementary in its character that the great mass of our children may acquire it by the time they are fourteen years old. By this means the common school will, to a certain extent, become the training school of our agricultural and industrial colleges. These latter institutions will then have opened to them a much wider field of usefulness and the possibility of a much more thorough culture to those who may enjoy their advantages.

Fat.

[Lemars Sentinel.]

If we are not a nation,
If political assassinations,
Midday murders, and
Open treason
Are beyond the reach of the gener
government. Let us either
Proclaim the nation, or
Kick Mississippi out of the Union.

[Pella Blade.]

Fy
Cracious!
Vas
Dot
So?
How
You found him
Oudt?

[New York World.]

After mature deliberation we have come to the conclusion that the frenzied utterances of the Okolona Southern States.

and the Lemars Sentinel (being always printed in this staccato style) contain for the compositors of these journals a great deal of

Fat!!!

The Multiplied Dangers.

[Burlington Hawkeye.]

"You were in the war, then, Captain McKillen?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, yes, ma'am; fought all through it."

"Is there not," she asked hesitatingly, "a great deal of danger in a battle?"

"Well, yes," the Captain replied, reflectively, "there is, there is. So many men standing around you, you know, and such careless handling of firearms as is almost sure to occur during a battle, makes it really very unsafe."

Miss Lilliput shuddered, and then resumed:

"Are not some people severely injured at times?"

"Yes," the Captain said, "they are. I once had a friend who was hurt so badly that he couldn't leave his room for several days."

And then she said she thought there ought to be a law against them, and he said he believed the Legislature of Iowa contemplated passing some such law at its next session.

And she said she was so glad.

Building Materials.

One thousand and fifty laths will cover seventy yards of surface, and eleven pounds of nails put them on.

Eight bushels of good lime, fifteen bushels sand, and one bushel hair makes enough good mortar to plaster one hundred square yards.

A cord of stone, three bushels lime, and a cubic yard of sand will lay one hundred cubic feet of wall.

One thousand shingles laid four inches to the weather will cover one hundred square feet of surface, and five pounds of nails will fasten them on.

One-fifth more flooring and siding is needed than the number of square feet of surface, because of the lap in the siding and the matching of the floor.

Five courses of brick will lay one foot in height on a chimney; six bricks in a course will make a flue four inches wide and twelve inches long; eight bricks in a course make a flue eight inches wide and sixteen inches long.

A LADY with a little boy went into a well known restaurant the other day and after the two had absorbed food, demurred against paying for what the child had eaten, on the ground that he was under ten years of age. It was with some difficulty that she was made to understand that railroad rules do not apply in eating saloons.

A YOUNG lady was endeavoring to impress upon the minds of her Sunday school scholars the sin and terrible punishment of Nebuchadnezzar, and when she said that for seven years he ate grass like a cow, she was astonished by a little girl, who asked, "Did he give milk?"

THE DYING SOLDIER.

BY DR. LA MOULLE.

[A Legend of Fair Oaks—a battle fought in Virginia, June 1, 1862.]

On his cot a soldier lay—
A faithful nurse was by.
Praying he might not die—
Dying, but not for a bloody day.
To help crush rebellion's dire pride
He had left his dear "honny" bride.
He gave his life for freedom's cause that day.

His lips moved, something to tell.
He thought she was his mother;
He seemed like a brother.
Weeping, she watched his bosom's faint swell,
Warmly she clasped each chilly palm,
Over his face there grew a calm.
She faintly heard: "Sweet love, dear home, farewell!"

He had dreamed, dreamed soldier-boy,
Of his own distant home.
Where he would find lonely room,
Depriving her dear, departed joy.
And it was well. That darling thought
Soothed him in death. His smile was caught
From paradise, where never comes annoy.
SHADONA GROVE, Ill.

The Novel of the Future.

[Savannah Advertiser.]

Epochs in literature are as plainly defined as those in art, and the modern novel, the creation of the cheap printing-press, has attained its climax and is gradually waning, if not towards a complete disappearance, at least to a subservient position in letters from which it should never have arisen. Its evanescent quality is seen in the few books that ever attain to the dignity of a position on the library shelf. They are essentially "summer reading;" they belong to the swift speeding railway train, to a shady corner on a steamboat, to the hammock under the trees; and when they are once read they pass into the hands of anyone who chooses to pick them up, or as fair prizes for the butler or the cook or finally to the dust-bin and the kitchen fire. Let a man of means start out now to form a library, how many recent works of fiction would he choose for the place of honor upon his shelves? Everything that is made too common falls upon the appetite, and there is where the sensation novel has met its fate. There is undoubted genius in all branches of literature, but it is not exhaustless. Charlotte Bronte, George Eliot, Victor Hugo, Dumas, Charles Reade, Thackeray and a few others did marvelous work, but when will they live again in others, or their books be imitated? A great novel may be a kindly dish, but we should turn away nauseated even from salmon, if fed constantly for a month on red herring. That there has been a terrible decline in our literary provender in the line of romance is plain. They are stupid refashions of worn out subjects; they distort love, violate the probabilities, give common sense a black eye and turn life into a pantomime. What will the coming novel be? The new era has hardly opened and while we are waiting for it there is a large republication of old standard works, many of them of excellent quality and which are far better worth reading than modern trash. They belong, however, to the past, and can only fill an interregnum. Circumstances seem to be tending to something even more realistic than what we have had, because more faithful to nature and to home. The novel of the past has put all its characters on stilts—hereafter they are likely to walk on the ground; they have worn doublet and hose—now they will come to us dressed in the fashion of to-day. Novels, like pictures, must have coloring; they must take a bit of life here and a bit there, and an exact record of the daily existence of our Darbys and Joans would be as tasteless as soup without seasoning, but we may hope to find hereafter, whatever may be the frame work, those charms and beauties which, born of a correct taste and artistic skill, shall largely deal with the world as it is, and present to the mind those ideal existences which the young may read without having their passions excited and their ideas of humanity distorted. Let the lessons of literature be sound and wholesome and there will be little to ask for.

Severe Droughts.

An interesting record is that of severe droughts as far back as the landing of the Pilgrims. "How many thousand times are observations made like the following: 'Such a cold season!' 'Such a hot season!' 'Such dry weather!' or 'Such wet weather!' 'Such high winds or calms!' etc. All those that think the dry spell we had last spring was the longest ever known, will do well to read the following:

In the summer of 1621, 24 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1630, 41 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1637, 75 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1662, 80 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1674, 45 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1680, 81 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1694, 62 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1705, 40 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1715, 61 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1728, 61 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1730, 92 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1741, 72 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1749, 108 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1755, 42 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1762, 123 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1773, 80 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1791, 82 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1802, 23 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1812, 28 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1836, 24 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1871, 42 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1875, 26 days in succession without rain.
In the summer of 1876, 27 days in succession without rain.

It will be seen that the longest drought that ever occurred in America was in the summer of 1730. No rain fell from the first of May to the first of September, making 123 days without rain. Many of the inhabitants sent to England for hay and grain.

Sentimentally Drunk.

[Providence Journal.]

The lights were out, the streets were still, and all other presences were silent in the presence of the peaceful night. And at this time the soft but slightly unsteady tread of a man was heard approaching the station. He took a chair near the door, dangled his legs over the chair's arm, hung his peaked hat on the toe of his boot, and in a low voice addressed the officer: "I was here a year ago and listened to the song of your cricket under the mat there, and I want to hear it again. The cricket comes into my life exactly. He sings and all his green-coated comrades sing of the dying summer. There are millions of these little mourners under the leaves to-night, and they all have one song of pensive sadness. There is a cricket in my heart. There used to be to summer there. I am a sort of old cricket myself. I crawl into the natural-formed grape grottoes on the highway and sing my own sad song there. Speaking of cool, wild grapes reminds me that I am athirst. Say, Sergeant, can't you send a sleuth messenger to the Club of the Purple Cluster and tell the vintners triumvirate that are crowning their chaste and marvelous brows with beautiful chaplets to send me, not an old Roman punch even, nor a Grecian amaranth julep, but a tod, a mere modern tod. Tell them I am always with them, and I often commune when on my promiscuous pilgrimage with the disembodied—pardon me, I mean disembodied—spirits; I see their faces rapt and purpling with the blood of the broken-hearted grape of the Garter stream. But say, Sergeant, my blood is turning into the channels of melancholy. This must not be. Here are three coins. I put one into wine and the world flushes up to me; a second coin, and I own that block there, I am Mayor of Pawtucket, 'I walk on thrones; a third, and I hear rapturous music, I float on fair rivers, my old coat becomes as the garment of a great ruler; I put my warm heart against the cold marble of the world and I warm it with its generous glow. The world is no longer a marble tomb to me. It opens, and enchanting forms come forth and embrace me and bid me go on. The gates of eternity open with a majestic welcome to the man who defies fortune and dares to grandly live it out."

"But those are not coins," said the officer, "they are buttons."

"Well, buttons so let them be—ah! that song again—the song of the cricket. Officer, let me sleep here under the magnetism of the mighty midnight heavens, and let the lady crickets serenade me."

Solution of a Mystery.

[Chattanooga (Tenn.) Commercial.]

In the summer of 1838, the Third United States Artillery, commanded by Col. Gates, was encamped at the foot of Missionary Ridge engaged in the removal of the Cherokee Indians. One day the Colonel ordered out a fatigue party to clean out the spring, a beautiful fountain bubbling up at the foot of the ridge. Shortly after the Sergeant reported to head-quarters that his men were all drunk. Says the Colonel:

"You should not let the men drink whiskey."

"I did not," replied the Sergeant; "they drank nothing but water from the spring."

The Sergeant and men were ordered into the guard-house, and a new detail ordered, and a Lieutenant placed in command with orders to not let the men have access to any spirits. Not long after the Lieutenant reported the men all drunk. The men were ordered to the guard-house and the Lieutenant under arrest. Another party was ordered out, of which Col. Gates took the command. He took a seat on a stump, so he could overlook the whole ground, determined that there should be no getting drunk this time. But behold! in a short time his men were all drunk. He was certain they had drunk nothing but water, which they frequently did,